Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *he sheweth him a paper.*
This found *I* on my tent this morning.

Iocky of Norfolke be not so bould,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sould.

King A thing deuised by the enemie.
Go gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules:
Conscience is but a word that cowards vse,
Deuisd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our law.
March on, ioine brauelie, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen then hand in hand to hell.

His Oration to his army.

What shal *I* saie more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittains and base lacky peasants,
Whom their orecloied country vomits forth,
To desperate aduentures and assurd destruction,
You sleeping safe they bring to you vnrest,
You hauing lands and blest with beauteous wifes,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow,
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much colde as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers wearie of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues,
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittains whom our fathers
Haue in their own land beaten bobd and thumpt,
And in record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Fight gentlemen of England, fight bold yeomen,

Draw

Draw archers draw your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
What saies lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come,

King Off with his sonne Georges head.

Nor. My lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the battaile let George Stanley die.

King A thousand harts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage, faire saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them victorie sits on our helmes. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescew my lord of Norffolke, rescew, rescew,
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euerie danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescew faire lord, or else the daie is lost.

Enter Richard.

King A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Cates. Withdraw my lord, ile helpe you to a horse.

King Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And *I* will stand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to daie in stead of him,
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slain then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the crowne, with other Lords, &c.

Ri. God and your armes be praisd victorious freends,
The daie is ours, the bloudie dog is dead.

Der. Couragious Richmond, wel hast thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long vsurped royaltie.
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, enioy it, and make much of it.

But